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and another at Madrid. In the Fitzwilliam Museum, at Cambridge, is the picture called "Philip II. and the Princess Eboli," of which there are several repetitions.

Francis I.: half-length, in profile; now in the Louvre. Titian did not paint this king from nature, but from a medal which was sent to him to copy.

The Emperor Ferdinand I.

The Emperor Rudolph II.

The Sultan Solymán II. His wife Roxana. These are engraved after Titian, but from what originals we know not. They cannot be from nature.

The Popes Julius II. (doubtful), Clement VII. Paul III., and Paul IV.

All the Doges of Venice of his time.

Francesco, Duke of Urbino, and his Duchess Eleonora; two wonderful portraits, now in the Florence Gallery.

The Cardinal Ippolito de' Medici; in the Louvre, and in the Pitti Palace.

The Constable de Bourbon.

The famous and cruel Duke of Alva.

Andrea Doria, Doge of Genoa.

Ferdinand Leyva, who commanded at the battle of Pavia.

Alphonso d'Avalos, in the Louvre.

Isabella d'Este, Marchioness of Mantua.

Alphonso, Duke of Ferrara, and his first wife, Lucrezia Borgia. In the Dresden Gallery there is a picture by Titian, in which Alphonso is presenting his wife Lucrezia to the Madonna.

Cæsar Borgia.

Catherine Cornara, Queen of Cyprus.

The poet Ariosto; in the Manfrin Palace, at Venice.

Bernardo Tasso.

Cardinal Bembo.

Cardinal Strozzi.

Cardinal Farnese.

Count Castiglione.

Pietro Aretino: several times; the finest is at Florence; another at Munich. The engravings, by Bonasone, of Aretino and Cardinal Bembo, rank among the most exquisite works of art. There are impressions of both in the British Museum.

Sansovino, the famous Venetian architect.

The Cornaro family: in the possession of the Duke of Northumberland.

Fracastaro, a famous Latin poet.

Irene da Spilimborgo, a young girl who had distinguished herself as a musician, a poetess, and to whom Titian himself had given lessons in painting. She died at the age of eighteen.

Andrea Vesalio, who has been called the father of anatomical science—the particular friend of Titian, and his instructor in anatomy. He was accused falsely of having put a man to death for anatomical purposes, and condemned. Philip II., unwilling to sacrifice so accomplished a man to mere popular prejudice, commuted his punishment to a forced pilgrimage to the Holy Land. He obeyed the sentence; but on his return he was wrecked on the Island of Zante, and died there of hunger in 1564. This magnificent portrait, which Titian seems to have painted with enthusiasm, is in the Pitti Palace at Florence.

Titian painted several portraits of himself, but none which represent him young. In the fine portrait at Florence he is about fifty; and in the other known representations he is an old man, with an aquiline nose, and long, flowing beard. Of his daughter Lavinia there are many portraits

She was her father's favorite model, being very beautiful in face and form. In a famous picture, now at Berlin, she is represented sitting with both hands a dish filled with fruits. There are four repetitions of this subject: in one the fruits are changed into a casket of jewels; in another she becomes the daughter of Herodias, and the dish bears the head of John the Baptist. All are striking, graceful, full of animation.

The only exalted personage of his time and country whom Titian did not paint was Cosmo I., Grand Duke of Florence. In passing through Florence, in 1548, Titian requested the honor of painting the Grand Duke. The offer was declined. It is worthy of remark that Titian had painted, many years before, the father of Cosmo, Giovanni de' Medici, the famous captain of the *Bande Neri*.

ART MATTERS.

Two of the most thoroughly and entirely great pictures that have been painted during the season, are "Sunrise over the Ocean," by Gifford, and "Norwegian Torrent by Moonlight," by Wust. In each of them you find an idea, a sentiment—they are not merely "pretty" pictures—pictures which perhaps might catch the fancy and leave an ephemeral impression on the mind, but pictures which carry with them an inspiration, pictures which impress you with their weird and solemn grandeur, and which stamp themselves fully and indelibly upon your brain.

This is undoubtedly the secret of true art.

Let us see how the end is arrived at. Both of these pictures, powerful, inspiring, are treated with the greatest simplicity. Here is the whole thing, as it were, in a nutshell—simplicity, simplicity, simplicity, let the word be graven upon every easel, let every artist carry this one idea in his mind, let him study, cultivate and strive after it, let him utterly discard preraphaelitism and all such purely mechanical devices, which degrade but not elevate art, and going direct to nature let him there form his style and ideas. In nature we never find preraphaelitism—nature is pure, fresh, ingenuous—she is burdened by no forms, bows to no will but that of the Divine Creator, there is nothing petty in her, she embodies, as it were, one grand school wherein mankind are taught poetry, art, and everything which tends to purity of sentiment and elevation of intellect; she is simple yet beautiful, innocent yet grand. In her very simplicity rests her beauty, in her innocence her grandeur. Yet day after day, year after year, these men these preraphaelites, these scoffers at the pure and beautiful, pursue the same beaten track, violating nature, discarding her grandeur and breadth, and paying attention merely to the minor details which go to make up the great whole. Yet this they call studying nature, this they call embodying her beauties upon canvas, this their idea of art, upon this they base a school and set themselves up as reformers.

This is not art, that is *true* art, the mission of which is to cultivate mankind up to the proper standard—this preraphaelitism does not do; treating with pettiness it conveys but petty ideas, never inspiring it often puzzles the beholder, and while he may look upon the pre-

aphaelite picture and wonder at the mechanical skill displayed, his ideas are never elevated or enlarged, he sees an elaboration of the commonplaces but never is there brought before him nature in all her simplicity, grandeur and beauty.

These last qualities are eminently noticeable in the two pictures mentioned above. In Mr. Gifford's "Sunrise over the Ocean" the spectator is supposed to be standing upon the beach, looking out upon a broad expanse of ocean; the sun has just risen, the sky is clear and bright, save that toward the zenith a few fleecy clouds are seen, partly hiding the crescent moon; in the foreground a strip of sandy beach upon which the incoming waves leave their frothy freight—in no way is the feeling of loneliness disturbed, no human creature is there to take away from the grandeur of nature in her solitude; we are alone with the ocean, the great, broad, heaving ocean, which, rolling shoreward, laps our feet in its tender embrace.

Here we have a picture pure, simple, yet withal, entirely grand—nothing disturbs its simplicity, nothing is there to detract from its grandeur.

In Mr. Wust's "Norwegian Torrent" we are shown another phase. A swollen torrent, dashing, seething, roaring on its headlong course—here and there a jagged rock opposes itself to the water which, as if angry at the resistance, hisses and surges over the opposing object—in the distance we catch a glimpse of sterile Norwegian landscape, snow capped mountains and desolate plains, while over all is thrown the ghastly light of the moon which, breaking through a mass of heavy clouds, adds on additional glare to the troubled and foaming waters beneath.

Here we have nature in her angriest mood; while in Mr. Gifford's picture we are impressed with an almost reverential awe, in this a feeling very near akin to honor steals over us as we gaze upon the dark charybdis and almost hear the roar of the water, battling in its impotent fury.

Pictures such as these are public benefactors. They are healthy, invigorating; sentimental, but in no degree maudlin, they impart a healthy tone to the public love of art; progressive, inspiring, they imbue other painters with a spirit of emulation, encouraging those who are in the right track and putting to utter confusion the doctrines and principles of the benefit school of preraphaelitism.

PALETTE.

G A D E.

A short time since I read in a French paper—"A young Danish composer is now making a sensation in Germany; his name is Gade, and he frequently wanders to and fro between Copenhagen and Leipzig, with his violin on his back, looking the very image of Mozart." The first and last clauses of this sentence are perfectly correct, but there there is a touch of romance about the middle one. The young Dane did arrive in Leipzig a few months ago (although neither he nor his violin came on foot,) and his Mozart-like head, with its sculptural mass of hair, just suited the feelings already excited amongst our musicians by his Overture to "Cossian" and his first Symphony. About his life there is not much to say. He was born in 1817 at Copenhagen, where his father was an instrument maker, and his youthful dreams were probably more concerned with musical instruments than with musicians. He received his first musical instruction from one of